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A TOWN ECLOGUE

Edinburgh. 1804.

"by the Rev? Hay Drummond -
of the _____ Family -"

A

TOWN ECLOGUE.

Eupolis atque Cratinus Aristophanesque poetæ,
Atque alii, quorum comœdia prisca virorum est,
Si quis erat dignus describi, quod malus ac fur,
Quod mœchus foret, aut sicarius, aut alioqui
Famosus; multâ cum libertate notabant.

HOR. SERM. LIB. i. SAT. 4.

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1804

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1804

TO

THAT ILLUSTRIOUS,

ENLIGHTENED, AND PATRIOTIC

BODY,

THE HIGHLAND SOCIETY,

THE FOLLOWING

LINES

ARE HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY

THEIR OBEDIENT SERVANT,

A CALM OBSERVER.

A Town Eclogue.

FIE ON'T! O fie! 'tis an unweeded garden
That grows to seed: things rank, and gross in nature
Possess it merely.

IN that fam'd city, where on rock sublime
The MAIDEN'S CASTLE braves the rage of time;
What time SOL'S ruddy disk sunk beamless down,
And rising mist involv'd the reeking town;
The glaring shops allur'd the eye no more,
And tradesmen for the day their tricks gave o'er;

What time each damsel, as she homeward hies,
Hears drowsy tinkling cry of " Mutton pies ;"
(Quake at the knell! thou vagrant race canine!
The crusty fate perchance may soon be thine) ;
Whilst trash and offals all around are spilt,
And " gutters double gild their treble guilt *,"
Whose pungent odour onsnuff'd nostrils greets,
And whispers whence it stole those balmy sweets †;
In pot-house snug two bold NORTH BRITONS sat,
Cheering their hearts with toddy and with chat ;
Much they at home in childhood had been taught,
Much learnt abroad, where both had bravely fought,
Whilst sage experience shed reflected light,
And justified the claim of " second sight :"

* SHAKSPERE.

† This reminds us of good advice in old times :

" Perfume thy hous with odouris sweit,
" Bot sic as ar for purpois meit ;
" As thou abrode in streitis dois ga,
" Defend thyself from smellis alsua."

See the Scottish Calendar prefixed to KNOX's *Form of Prayer, &c. Edinburgh* 1596.

The elder first in serious mood began,
And thus the dialogue alternate ran.

DONALD.

SWEET was the time, when oft we us'd to stray
Thro' woods remote, and scent the birchen spray;
Or pausing after summer's sultry shower,
Inhale the bonny broom's delicious flower;
Peace and content smil'd round the cottage door,
And bless'd the simple habits of the poor:
Unlike the region where we now are plac'd,
By all that's haughty, all that's mean, disgrac'd;
Factitious manners, superficial worth,
By selfish insincerity brought forth,
Destroy of rectitude the honest sense,
And render piety a mere pretence.

ROB.

I KNOW that pure religion has declin'd,
Since sly fanatics dup'd the public mind;

Those gospel-quacks, who sacred truth forswear,
And vex the shades of ERSKINE and of BLAIR *!
Haranguers at the bar, or in the stews,
Now vent their crude conceits in pert reviews † ;

* Two shining lights of that bright constellation of eminent Divines of the old School, which shed glory on the last century, on the Church of Scotland, and on human nature.

† It is said, that one of the forwardest of this upstart gang of cynical Jesuits, is so afflicted with a cacoethes of political discussion, that when he has tired out the usual circle of his acquaintance with his tedious absurdities on the subject, he will repair to some nocturnal receptacle of "those females who delight the public with their beauty," summon *a Committee of the whole house*, and placing the Matron *in the Chair*, lay before them the whole scheme of coalitions abroad, and the necessity of pushing vigorous measures at home, with such wildness of emphasis and distortion of countenance, as stimulate to excess the risible propensities of the honourable assembly. The Chaplain of this damning fraternity, who so outrageously fell foul of Dr PARR's wig, withdrew himself in good time from the concern, and has since left this place—We no longer behold him enveloping his sour and sallow visage in the dust of his well-thumped cushion, and the intellects of his hearers in a cloud of inexplicable metaphor. Our Brethren in the South have now an opportunity of admiring his histrionic tones and pauses, (vulgarly called Clap-traps), and of being scolded into reformation by those caustic rhapsodies, full of tart theologieal epigrams, which being carefully kept free from all *scriptural* quotation, he considers as most elegant and edifying discourses.

By modern sophistry's vain phantom driv'n
To speculate away their hopes of heav'n,
And strive, in criticism's specious form,
To sap the fortress which they dare not storm;
By hint insidious, by oblique surmise,
And shallow plausibility of lies,
To shake the faith of all the rising race,
And palm their cheerless nothings in its place.
Each rank's debauch'd in morals and in health,
The low by whisky *, and the high by wealth †;
Start where they will, to one sad goal they run,
" Some to undo, and some to be undone."

* See MACNEIL's incomparable poem, " WILL and JEAN, or Scot-
" land's Skaith."

† O Asia! Asia! thou unceasing corrupter of nations, and sapper of empires! will Scotland have cause to make an idol of that man, by whose influence she has barter'd her domestic industry, frugality, and simplicity, for thy ingots and thy principles?

DONALD.

'Tis ever thus plain downright Christians ken,
When men act only "to be seen of men*;"
Then rankles vice, like an infectious sore,
With stiff hypocrisy beplaister'd o'er.
In the lewd [redacted]'s polluted way,
Where nodding roofs obstruct the wholesome day;
Long ere you reach the spot† of record dread,
Where brave MONTROSE 'mid savage insult bled,
And pious Puritans, without controul,
Howl'd hellish wrath to vex his stedfast soul‡;

* MATT. vi. 5.

† The area near the Watergate, where a cross once stood, and where the gallant Marquis of MONTROSE was executed, with circumstances of peculiar horror.

‡ He had long been anathematized by these benign preachers of the Gospel of Peace. "Mr WILLIAM STRACHAN," says SPALDING, "on "this day of humiliation," (a fast purposely appointed by the kirk to be rigorously enforced on *Easter-day*, April 6. 1645), "cried out against "MONTROSE and his army, calling them bloody butchers, traitors, perfidious, and of the hellish crew, with many other speeches, unmeet "to be uttered by a minister from the chair of verity; Mr ANDREW "CANT, with Mr JOHN RUE, and Mr WILLIAM ROBERTSON, were as

Pent in a close, stampt with religious name,
Vile MASKALL skulks in everlasting shame;
The close adapted to his dungeon soul,
His sneer sarcastic, and malignant scowl;
Those filthy heaps around the entry hung,
Suit the black venom of his sland'rous tongue *,

" malicious, and fully worse, against them in the pulpits." *See* " *History of the Troubles in Scotland, from* 1624 *to* 1645." But in the tragic termination of this great man's life, and all the base indignities he previously underwent with such manly composure, the meek and truly Christian spirit of fanatics was most religiously displayed. " The " ministers never ceased," says another accurate annalist, " to exacer- " bate his misery, *to humble him*," as they charitably said, " *and bring* " *him home to God;* they aggravated the terrors of his sentence, there- " by to affright him, and denouncing heavy judgments against him; " when he was brought to the scaffold, directed him to pray *apart*." But mark his devout and undaunted reply: " I have already poured " out my soul before the Lord, who knows my heart, and into whose " hands I have commended my spirit, and he hath been pleased to " return to me a full assurance of peace in JESUS CHRIST, my Re- " deemer; and therefore, if you will not join with me in prayer, my " reiterating it again will be both scandalous to you and me."

See " *Chronicle of the late intestine War in the* " *Three Kingdoms*, 1663."

* See certain papers respecting Shetland, which verify the old

When with a demon's grin he looks askance,
And eyes the virtuous with a spiteful glance.
Fiend of hypocrisy, and rage perverse!
The good man's scorn, the juggl'd poor man's curse,
Dost thou not cant in wealthy "widows houses*!"
And trade in weak right-honourable spouses?
Have we not seen thee, like a viper foul,
Sting thy protector to his very soul;
With craft perfidious kindle endless strife,
'Twixt child and parent, and 'twixt man and wife;
Pimp for thy brat, inflame th' unhallow'd fire,
Seduce a daughter from her driv'ling sire;
Doom to a weaver's arms the well-born miss,
Then greet the mother with a holy kiss†?

jingling distich of the schools, more correct in sentiment than prosody.

Omnis hypocrita facie tenus est eremita,
Mente licet tacitâ latent anguis aconita.

* "Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites; for ye devour "widows houses, and for a pretence make long prayers: therefore ye "shall receive the greater damnation." MATT. xxiii. 14.

† "Actus activorum sunt in patiente bene prædispos'to."

Vid. Albertum Magnum de Secretis Naturæ.

ROB.

FLUSH'D with his orgies, late a saint divine
Defil'd the house of pray'r with beastly wine;
Snuff'd out the candles *, hiccup'd as he read,
And cleans'd his gorge on the precentor's head;
Till a grave elder lugg'd him by the gown,
And brought him from the rostrum stagg'ring down.
But things are better, where each Sabbath-day,
Gay fashion's coaches crowd the chapel's way;
(Save when old MOSES' dreary drowsy drone †
Makes maidens titter †, and Sir W****** groan):
For when the pretty preacher up is seen,
You scarce their rumps devout can squeeze between.

* He is however one of those who boast of "inward light," which may account for this manœuvre.

† This deep theologian, discoursing on "the happiness of the life "to come," observed, that one great source of it would be "an easy "introduction to the acquaintance of those very respectable persons "the angels." When such a sublime expression is delivered with the starch grimace peculiar to this reverend teacher,

"The fair may be rebuk'd for want of grace,
"But to be grave exceeds all pow'r of face."

DONALD.

We know how well, with sanctimonious look,
He squar'd his conduct by the sacred book;
How well his practice fair, refin'd, and chaste,
Exemplified the theory of Taste,
When rustic frailty, nigh St Cuthbert's choir,
Assuag'd the heat of prurient desire;
And minor canons clubb'd their scanty pay
To send the *crying* consequence away.
Now with smooth tongue, and visage sleek and white,
He never mentions hell 'fore dames polite;
Vamps up soft sentiments for female ears,
Nor in their breast excites religious fears;
Bedaubs the rich, for filthy lucre's dole,
And "lays the flatt'ring unction to their soul*."
Finds the big Pharisee in cue for giving,
And saints the dead, and deifies the living.

* Shakspere.

ROB.

O HOW I hate a sentimental elf!
Your "Man of Feeling" feels but for himself;
Ne'er lets his actions with his writings suit;
In fiction tender, but in fact a brute.

DONALD.

HE chips and pares the faith of Christians down,
To please all sects, and charm the giddy town,
And fill his gallery with many a crown:
Till we no more discern our Saviour's theme,
From Pagan saw of Porch or Academe:
Or where the mosque's gilt minarets arise,
Or where the Hindoo mounts the pile and dies *.

* It is notorious, that this pattern of Christian faith and practice generally tickles the itching ears of his motley congregation with neat moral essays, without even naming the name of CHRIST, (which, as he is supposed to have "departed from iniquity," we might think he had no scruple in doing); and even at those solemn seasons which require some reference from the pulpit to the *great distinctive* doctrines of Christianity, he styles the *Divine* Redeemer of the world "a very good "man." Is this "preaching CHRIST crucified" "*the power of God and* "*the wisdom of God?*" Is it not rather, as another JUDAS, for "pieces

ROB.

SCIENCE at least erects her crest on high;
The god of med'cine lifts her to the sky.
Hear but his vot'ries lecture, and you'd swear
That ÆSCULAPIUS himself were there;
And Hope believes his fine didactic turns
Sweet as the notes of ADELINE * or BURNS.

DONALD.

THAT topic is unfit for you and me †;
" Who can decide, when *doctors* disagree?"

" of silver," which chink in the platter, becoming a betrayer of his LORD, and a traitor to his GOD?

* See some exquisite pieces of poetry with that signature in " The " Poetical Register."

† This whole discourse may be considered as turned on subjects far above their sphere of information; but this will cease to excite our surprise, when we reflect how much it is the pride of North Britain, that its peasantry are far better instructed than those of the South in topics of abstract speculation and abstruse divinity, in all the points of dispute between adherers to the Established Kirk, and Seceders from it, Burghers and Antiburghers, Haldanites and Sandemanians, &c. &c.

Let G[illegible], in pond'rous quartos, tell
The curious secrets of the patients' cell;
From luscious anecdote's facetious stores,
Of amputations dire, and fly-blown sores,
Expose the art profound to vulgar eyes,
And thus profane its gainful mysteries.
Some style this jumble of satyric strokes
" An hospital for invalided jokes ;"
And others, in a higher rank to class 'em,
" The classic surgeon's Gradus ad Parnassum ;"

So that you may hear the inhabitants of a Scottish cottage, like the angels in Milton,

" Reason high
" Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate,
" Fix'd fate, free-will, foreknowledge absolute,
" And find no end, in wand'ring mazes lost."

Their debates on politics are equally clear and unprejudiced; and doubtless from this habit of candid discussion proceed that enlightened faith, those liberal sentiments, and that correctness of moral character, so highly extolled in parliament by a *warm Advocate for Scotland*, and happily illustrated by an Honourable Member in the proportion of felons at Manchester, who could boast of their origin on this side the Tweed.

And Bell may be the cleverest leech alive,
Nor impudence alone make B***** thrive*.
Leave we alike the wrangling courts, nor draw
Our minds into the labyrinth of Law:
Who to unfold its dark decrees is able!
O who can cleanse that vast Augean stable!
Let Justice veil her venerable head,
When dulness sits aloft in robes of red!
Though with delight we upright C****** see,
With courteous G****, deep-read W**********;
In the C****-B****'s bland ingenuous face,
Read all the worth and talents of his race;
Who with the low litigious crew can cope?
From lying Jemmy H*** to blust'ring H***,
Who, though a braggart now of martial note,
Oft found his gown a shelt'ring petticoat.

* ——————" Qui sciverat aptè
Hopigenùm fattas avidè osculari arsas."

Vid. Polemo-middiniam Carmen Macaronicum.

ROB.

But sure our nobles, gen'rous, brave, and free,
Maintain the worth of glorious ancestry:
And like B**********, wide as their command,
Spread social comfort through a craving land.

DONALD.

I scorn to hearken to seditious jeers,
On pride impoverish'd, and on pension'd peers;
For there are some, in lofty stations plac'd,
By merit, higher than by title, grac'd;
And heav'n bestows rare blessings on our isle,
In valiant H******, and in mild A******;
But all the solemn arrogance can scan,
And air despotic of the King of Man;
Can loathe wild notions that so rife prevail,
In restless mind of sceptic L**********;
Can in the name of a much-injur'd wife,
With trumpet-tongues arraign detested Fife *.

* This sordid and imperious miser, who, though of low lineage, pretends to be descended from a famous Scottish tyrannicide, some

And who derides not one of high degree,
Grown grey in self-conceited vanity?
His brain with ill-assorted fancies stor'd,
Like shreds and patches on a tailor's board,
Women, and whigs, and poetry, and pelf,
And ev'ry corner stuff'd with mighty Self;
With scraps, and puffs, and comments without end,
On prince and patriot, parasite and friend;
Vaunting, *his* worth how all the great caress'd,
How H******* din'd, and how the Duchess dress'd;
And ARIOSTO sang the B***** crest;
How well he's written, and how much has read;
How hungry authors swallow'd all he said;
And antiquarians banish'd him their board,
Aw'd by the wit of such a sapient l**d *.

years ago, they say, wished to try his hand at uxoricide; and it was owing solely to the Lady's good constitution that his -------- escaped a very aukward kind of suspense.

* Others attribute the erasure of his illustrious name to his refusing to pay up the arrears of his annual subscription.

When (pride and av'rice struggling hard for sway)
He rears the cast*, for which he will not pay,
Bids a mock angel his bombast rehearse,
And whips the chit for blund'ring at a verse;
Steams of weak tea, like curling incense spread,
Wreathe round the President's belaurell'd head;
The stern republican's perturbed ghost
Snuffs a spare hecatomb of jam and toast;
Whilst lordlings whimper o'er the hero's dust,
And Lady Bettys crown the democratic bust;
Who but such inconsistent folly shuns,
Worse e'en than H***y's stale concocted puns?
With zeal officious, and with pompous fuss,
He boasts his forg'd commission from the R**s;
And bent on civilizing Polish bears,
Turns wholesale dealer in professors' chairs:
Yet, as it chanc'd to Gay's dogmatic owl,
Who miss'd the genius of each servile fowl,

* Washington's bust in plaster of Paris, whose birth-day was celebrated in this fantastic manner.

'Tis doubtful, if the provinces assign'd
Are quite congenial to each sage's mind.
Now hear him give the band their rich reward,
A fulsome portrait*, painted by the yard!
" Take it," he cries, " and hang it in your hall,
" All sons of science for my sanction call;
" Short though I be, colossus-like I stand,
" Wave o'er each hemisphere my critic wand;
" There future ages shall with rapture see
" Imperial ALEX, and important ME."

ROB.

OUR minor gentry virtue's call attend,
Proud to be thought the lab'ring peasant's friend.

* A fine specimen of the bathos in painting!!! The Emperor of all the Russias crowned by L--d B[illegible]!! What! crowning again! my L--d? Was it not enough that thou occasioned the image of the immortal Thomson to be crowned with a jordan, merely as the degraded object of thy vain and childish idolatry, but the enlightened autocrator of a mighty empire, must be dubb'd a great man, like Don QUIXOTE at the inn, by a strange simple individual, whom he never saw nor heard of? How modest and pertinent the design! how grand the

DONALD.

Hast thou not learnt poor hapless Anna's fate?
Too sad to hear, too cruel to relate.
O will not heav'n its arm of vengeance bare!
Smite the assassin of the pregnant fair,
Who first entrapt, then left her in the snare!
She bloom'd, in K**s**'s sweet sequester'd dale,
A pure and fragrant lily of the vale,
Her parent's * darling, till a spoiler came,
Robb'd him of happiness, and her of fame;
Brought her in triumph to this godly town,
Reflection's pangs in folly's stream to drown;
In four short months betray'd the sacred trust,
And left her to a hireling's brutal lust.
Soon as her destiny appear'd too clear,
Abandon'd by the man she held most dear,

effect? Most noble Egotist! surely thou art as fond of lavishing thy leafy crowns on the temples of other men, as thou art of retaining thy "siller crowns" in thine own pouch.

* He held a small farm under the seducer of his only child

In abject want, and plunder'd by the knave
To whom the wretch the base commission gave;
With lifted eyes, clasp'd hands, dishevell'd hair,
She sat a monument of dumb despair;
Till in the poppy's juice she sought repose,
And drank a long oblivion to her woes.

ROB.

Did not the neighbours, knowing what was done,
Swift to her life's relief impatient run;
Expel the poison she had rashly quaff'd,
And save her from distraction's fatal draught;
Pour down some antidote to th' horrid bowl,
And give a respite to her injur'd soul?

DONALD.

In stupid apathy they staring stood,
No head conceiv'd, no hand attempted good;
Unmov'd they heard these words, "I *must* depart,
"For I have broke a tender father's heart;

" Oh! why on earth one moment should I stay,
" When all I love thereon is fled away?
" Ah! little thought I WILLIAM could betray."
She ceas'd....a torpor seiz'd each polish'd limb,
Her eyes, once brilliant, waxing dull and dim,
The potent drug congealing ev'ry grace,
Blasting the roses of her lovely face,
Till stretch'd she lay, when fled her latest breath,
A beauteous statue for the fane of death *.

ROB.

DID not the rigid censurers of vice,
Who in their social circles are so nice,
The prim, the pure, the pious, and precise,

* A very recent catastrophe!

" And never will be told a tale
" More sad, more tender, or more *true*."

SHENSTONE.

Nothing more evidently marks the depraved taste and morals of the present age, than the ideot applause which attends the recital of that paltry ballad, " Miss BAILLIE." All the late phantasmagorical nonsense, and revived superstition about dreams and speetres, deserve se-

Consign to infamy's remotest den,
And hoot the monster from the haunts of men?

DONALD.

Ah no! he boldly drives his mad career;
Struts arm in arm with commoner and peer;
Whilst he can drink, and dance, and dice, and whore,
He's still "a damn'd good fellow," as before.

ROB.

If rich, ne'er mind what conscience saith within,
Here poverty alone is all the sin;
If at a tavern you can pay your stake,
What if each day you each commandment break.
O! did fond mothers rightly understand,
They train their offspring for a villain's hand;

vere ridicule; and any subject may excite laughter when accompanied with buffoonery; but is there in truth any thing so *very ludicrous* in the seduction of an innocent female by a rascal, and her committing suicide in consequence of his treachery? We may soon expect to have elegant extracts from the Newgate Kalendar set to music.

When for external charms, and tinsel grace,
They slight the mental beauties of their race;
Few with bold mein, and limbs expos'd, would swerve
From modest delicacy's chaste reserve.
But mark the lounge of fashionable fools,
The public dancings of our boarding-schools;
There praise matures affected impudence,
And vanity runs riot with expence:
There coxcombs, hir'd to teach the tender fair
The wanton attitude, the wanton air,
Brush the fresh bloom from off the rip'ning plumb,
And leave it mellow for the time to come *.

* A famous Scottish nobleman, above a century ago, seems to have entertained similar ideas; when assigning his reasons to a friend for removing his daughters to a country-seat, from the management of their mother in Edinburgh, he says, "But above all, my chief reason "is, she having had lately the charge of her sister Down's daughter, "some years older than any of mine, she did encourage her in things "I would not for the world be guilty of, as a parent especially, which "was to encourage her to write billet-doux's and letters to CARN-"WATH, Sir GEORGE LOCKHART's son and heir, and by the company "she kept by her example, as the Countess of FORFAR, NANNY MUR-"RAY, &c. she had like to have been ruined; and came to that length "of impudence, that, dancing with CARNWATH in the dancing-school,

DONALD.

Your southern border boasts this babe of grace,
Long fam'd for rapine, slaughter, and the chace;
(For authors now will fill some hundred leaves,
To prove their ancestors notorious thieves).
But thoughtless wrongheads also issue forth
From the bleak mountains of the frozen north;
Till their dependants cry, oppress'd with want,
"Would ev'ry Laird was like the Laird of Grant!"
A landlord squanders on some swelt'ring ball
A sum for which his pining tenants call;
And what he wastes on *one* luxurious feast,
Would keep their families a year at least.
Thus, whilst he saunters in this apish town,
And brings rich London's costliest fashions down,
His former vassal, all connection broke,
That caus'd his glory in his ancient yoke,

"she squeezed his hand; all which the youth told, and the girl was "sent for home."

See "Archibald *Earl (afterwards Duke) of* Argyle's *Letter to Mr* Carstairs, *Edinburgh, March* 30. 1696."

Sighs to his native hills a sad farewell,
His heath-roof'd hut, and lin-resounding dell;
Bears to the coast his young ones, and his mate,
He fondly hop'd had shar'd BRITANNIA's fate;
For bare subsistence braves th' Atlantic wave,
And, urg'd by famine, yields himself a slave *.

ROB.

FAR better did the feudal days abide,
When clan met clan with independent pride!
None at his chieftain's mandates would repine,
But for his fame life cheerfully resign;
For then the chief his large protection spread,
Consol'd the weak, and cheer'd the hoary head,
Nourish'd the brave, caress'd each valiant son,
And shar'd with all the laurels they had won:
No foreign foe could e'er their spirit daunt,
No rival drive them from their fav'rite haunt.

* See "IRVINE on Emigration," and "FRASER's letter to the "Speaker of the House of Commons."

These ties are gone....but see we in their room
The village rear'd, the ploughshare, and the loom?
All that rewards the hardy sons of toil,
And binds the rustic to his native soil.

DONALD.

O CALEDONIA! fam'd, in days of yore,
For hospitality's wide-open'd door;
Alas! that savage virtue hence is fled,
Nor left a more refin'd one in its stead.

ROB.

BUT see the reeling rulers of the peace,
The stout town-guard, those mirrors of police *!
The can has long been out, the hour is late,
So let us close to-night our grave debate.

* The state of the police in this city, particularly with respect to cleanliness, strongly marks the unsubdued spirit of its inhabitants, and indeed the general freedom of North Britain. When the Greeks described the liberty of Corcyra, they concisely said,

Ελευθερα Κέρκυρα; χέζ' ὁπου θέλεις.

Corcyra certe libera est, ubi vis, caca.

DONALD.

" THE time is out of joint;" a warning's sent;
The trump of war calls loudly to repent.
When the fierce foe is driven o'er the main,
And our dear country breathes in peace again;
(MOIRA! " sans peur et sans reproche *," to thee
High heav'n commits our awful destiny);
E'en from the peril gallantly withstood,
From scenes of carnage, and from fields of blood,
Each thoughtful man will wisely carry home
A wholesome lesson for the days to come;
The poor may then more truly virtuous grow,
The rich and great be taught themselves to know.

* " Le Chevalier sans peur et sans reproche."
By this title, highly expressive, in the quaint language of chivalry, of every thing good and great, was that paragon of military prowess, true piety, and unsullied honour, the great BAYARD, exclusively known throughout Europe. As the noble soldier, under whose able protection we are at length fortunately placed, seems to have made through life that gallant knight his prototype. " Nomen quod meruit ferat!"

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